

603. $\frac{h}{3}$ 28 3

A
P O E M

Sacred to the Memory of her late MAJESTY,

C A R O L I N E,

Queen Confort of *Great-Britain*.

By a GENTLEMAN of *Exeter*.

----- *Qualis Berecynthia mater,
Læta Deum partu, centum complexa nepotes,
Omnes Cælicolas, omnes supera alta tenentes.*

The SECOND EDITION.



L O N D O N :

Printed for S. BIRT in *Ave-Mary-lane*; and E. SCORE,
Bookseller in *Exeter*. 1737.

A

P O E M

Sacred to the Memory of her late Majesty

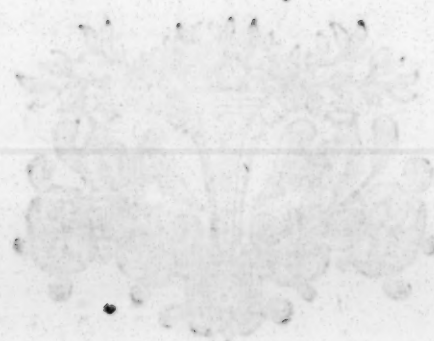
C A R O L I N E

Queen Consort of Great-Britain.

By a GENTLEMAN of Letters.

--- Quod est Perpetuum verum.
Iste Deus patris, centum complexus nepotes,
Omnes Celos, omnes sapere, omnia regere.

THE SECOND EDITION.



L O N D O N

Printed for S. B. in New-Market; and E. Second,
Bookeller in Essex-Street, 1737.

To the Memory of Her late MAJESTY.

LET solemn Grief in ev'ry Face appear ;
 Heave the deep Sigh, and drop the silent Tear :
 Mourn ev'ry Muse, to *Albion's* utmost Shore,
 For H E R, who never caus'd a Tear before ---
 -- Unless, when at Her Feet young Monarchs figh'd,
 And *Crowns Imperial* fought the Royal Bride.
 Ev'n I, who hardly feel the Poet's Fires,
 Whom not Ambition, nor fair Fame inspires,
 When such the Theme, attempt the Plaintive Strain,
 And mourn in Concert with the tuneful Train. 10
 Artless the Numbers, but sincere the Lays,
 Which speak our Grief, and CAROLINA's Praise :
 Our Notes as Loyal on fair *Isca's* Streams ;
 Tho' not so Tuneful, as the Swans of *Thames*.

Thy Mind, not dazled by the Pomp of State,
 Look'd down with Scorn, on what the World calls Great :
 Distinguish'd early for a Zeal for Truth,
Europe admir'd the *Heroine* in Youth ;

Beheld Religion all its Pow'r display,
 Ambition vanquish'd, and Imperial Sway ; 20
 When the Proud *Austrian* own'd Thy Potent Reign,
 And with his Hundred Titles charm'd in vain.

Happy the Prince, for whom the Pow'rs design
 A Mind so Royal, and such Charms divine !
 Happy the Land, whom Heav'n ordains to own
 His Sway, and THEE the Confort of His Throne !
 This Bliss, O *Brunswick*, was reserv'd for Thee,
 And This fair Isle, the Seat of Liberty !

When now at length the destin'd Hour was come ;
 And *Albion's* Tribute paid at *Anna's* Tomb ; 30
 The *Heroe* landed on the *British* Shore,
 Design'd by Heav'n our Freedom to restore :
 What Nations throng to view th' Illustrious Pair !
 The valiant Confort, and the blooming Fair !
 What Shouts applauding rend the echoing Skies !
 How do they gaze, and feast their ravish'd Eyes !
 Charm'd at first View, and Loyal by Surprise !

Britain renown'd for Beauty, as for Arms,
 Confess'd superior, and diviner Charms ;
 Saw at her Courts her matchless Nymphs outshone ;
 And envy'd not — For now They were our own. 40

We

We trac'd the Ancient *Saxon* in Thy Face,
 And own'd the Beauties of Thy Kindred Race.
 Yet what are These, but Roses of a Day,
 Which sweetly bloom, and in a Night decay!
 By Learning polish'd, and by Arts refin'd,
 You court the Nobler Beauties of the Mind!
 In various Knowledge wise, we learn from Thee,
 What Priests should preach, and what the World
 should be.

O! form'd to awe and please in every Scene!
 To drop the Pomp, and yet preserve the Queen! 50
 Tho' bred in Courts, to Crowns and Empire born,
 You smil'd on Arts, Yourself did most adorn.
 When tir'd with State, in *Richmond's* Royal Bow'r,
 To Learning sacred, and the Thoughtful Hour,
 Sometimes you deign'd to greet the hoary Sage,
 T' explore his Wisdom, or instruct his Age:
 Your deep Remarks his Soul with Rapture fir'd,
 And he grew wiser, as he more admir'd!

O Bleft with Temper! Chearful and Serene!
 A Lively Wit, with no Ill-natur'd Spleen! 60
 A Heart to pity all, who felt Distress!
 Born for the World, and all Mankind to bless!

No haughty Air deform'd that Lovely Face,
 Where Sweetness reign'd, and ev'ry Smiling Grace :
 Courteous and Affable to all below !
 Pride never lost a Friend, nor made a Foe.

Thy Feet the constant Paths of Virtue trod ;
 True to Thy Royal Confort, and Thy God.
 That holy Zeal, which shot so bright a Ray,
 And gilded the fair Morning of Thy Day ; 70
 A Temperate Zeal, from Superstition free ;
 A Foe to Licence, as to Bigottry ;
 Strong without Heat, and Unbecoming Rage ;
 Glow'd in Thy pious Breast, and warm'd in Age.
 How from Thy Prefence did the Impious run ;
 As Shades disperse before th' approaching Sun !
 Vice hid its hated Head, o'eraw'd by Thee,
 And blush'd to view its own Deformity !
 Banish'd Thy Courts, Profaneness dar'd no more
 T' exalt its Crest, but fought th' infernal Shore. 80
 Religion hop'd its Ancient Pow'r to gain,
 And Truth once more in *British* Breasts to reign :
 Our Youth began to search the Sacred Page,
 To drop their wonted Scorn, and Impious Rage :
 The serious Moral, and the Lay severe,
 Were hear'd once more, and charm'd th' attentive Ear.

Won

Won by Thy Life, and by Example fir'd,
 The *British* Nymphs to Nobler Charms aspir'd !
 They saw how Glorious Virtue on a Throne ;
 Transcrib'd the Image, which so Lovely shone ; 90
 At length resolv'd to merit Real Praise ;
 And win the Heart by more engaging Ways.

Whether in Public, or Domestic Life ;
 The Queen, the Mistress ; Parent, or the Wife ;
 Read all the Annals of the World before ;
 None e'er was lov'd, none e'er lamented more !
 Like great *Eliza*, form'd for higher Things ;
 To sit in Councils, and consult with Kings :
 Like *Mary*, blest'd with ev'ry softer Charm ;
 Like *Anna*, mild ; and in Devotion warm : 100
 But far more happy in Thy num'rous Line !
 Each Son an Heroe, and each Nymph Divine !

As when the Bird, who builds the Spicy Nest,
 And spoils *Arabia*, and the fragrant East ;
 Her destin'd Period run, grows sick and dies ;
 And in sweet Clouds of Incense mounts the Skies ;
 Another Phœnix from it's Ashes springs,
 Wakes into Life, and claps it's Purple Wings :
 So here, reflected in Thy Royal Race,
 Each Charm survives, and blooms anew each Grace. 110

But

But not by *One alone* you stand express'd:
 A Glorious Train! and Each Thyself confess'd!
 Form'd by Thy Hand, and polish'd by Thy Art,
 To win the Soul, or to engage the Heart:
 In Courts a nice and prudent Course to steer,
 'Twixt Grave and Gay, the Lively and Severe!

But oh! what Bard with holy Raptures fir'd,
 Can Sing Those Moments, when the Saint expir'd!
 The Sacred Rites perform'd, the Faith confest,
 The Hope declar'd, the Charity exprest! 120
 The Parting Farewel spoke, the Last Adieu!
 And Heav'n and Bliss just op'ning to the View!
 She felt, but not repin'd, tho' rackt with Pain;
 She saw Her Danger, in the Penfive Train,
 Unmov'd --- 'till She beheld Her Monarch's Care ---
 Then sigh'd --- And only felt a Weakness There.
 She Saw the King of Terrors shake his Dart;
 She saw --- But felt no Anguish at Her Heart:
 Calm and Serene resign'd Her parting Breath;
 And gently met the Stroke of threat'ning Death. 130

O! Where! transported to the Realms above!
 The Seats of Bliss! Where does Thy Spirit rove!
 A Seraph now, in some more blest Abode,
 Dost Thou survey the glorious Works of God?

With

With Bards, who sung their Great Creator's Praise,
 In Hymns divine, and more than mortal Lays :
 With pious Sages, who sublimely thought ;
 And holy Priests, who sacred Morals taught :
 Those glorious Sons of Light, to whom we owe
 Darkness dispel'd, and Error clear'd below ! 140
 Here *Addison*, (who sung Thy earliest Praise)
 Crown'd with fresh Laurels, and Immortal Bays,
 To Heav'nly Themes attunes th' harmonious Lyre ;
 Warm'd with new Rage, and more Celestial Fire !
Newton and *Boyle* Thy Social Spirit join,
 Prepar'd to speak of Subjects more divine :
 Sweet *Wollaston* appears amidst the Throng,
 With Angels list'ning to his Moral Song.

O ! if the Sighs and Tears of Mortals here,
 Can reach Thy Ears, or claim one Moment's Care ; 150
 Look down on *Britain* from the Realms of Day ;
 Whilst grateful Nations the Last Honours pay.

See where, surrounded by the Royal Train,
 Thy own AUGUSTUS, on the gloomy Plain,
 In all the Majesty of Grief appears ;
 Sighs with their Sighs, and mingles Tears with Tears ;
 Now feels the Real Burthen of a Crown,
 And in the Publick Loss laments His own.

Those Pledges of your Loves recall to view
 The silent Joys, which None could give, but You. 160
 Whilst They with filial Sighs His Sighs return,
 And grieve the more, to see the Monarch mourn :
 HE mourns, (what Heav'n to Monarchs seldom lends,)
 The Best of Wives, of Counsellors, and Friends !
 They mourn a Parent's Loss, for ever Dear,
 In Counsel Prudent, as in Love Sincere !

Who now shall form, what yet remains of Youth,
 And lead Them thro' the Mazy Paths of Truth ?
 Thy bright Example shed a Lively Ray ;
 At once discover'd, and adorn'd the Way. 170

But chiefly Two, distinguish'd o'er the Rest ;
 Caress'd by all, and in each other Blest !
 A Happy Pair ! (Whom future Bards shall tell,
 How long They liv'd in Love, and reign'd how well !
 The Nation's other Hopes, when Time shall be ;
 In whom They promise, what They've lost in Thee)
 A real unaffected Sorrow show ;
 And Witness to the World, no vulgar Woe.

So Two fair Poplars, on the Banks of Po,
 In silent Grief weep o'er the Flood below ; 180

180. See the Story of Phaeton's Sisters. Ovid Metam. B. the 2d.

(11)

With Amber Tears bedew their Brother's Grave;
And with the precious Drops enrich the Wave.
Glide softly, *Thames*, nor dare to lash the Shore ;
Stir not Thy Waves, nor in hoarse Murmurs roar ;
Bid all thy Swans in dying Notes complain,
And sooth Them with their melancholy Strain.

Blest in Thy Life! Belov'd in ev'ry Scene !
Admir'd a PRINCESS, and ador'd a QUEEN !
Britannia felt Thy mild indulgent Sway ;
Whene'er You rul'd, Ambitious to obey : 190
The Monarch's Absence with less Anguish mourn'd ;
And hardly found the Change, when He return'd.
Thee with united Voice Three Kingdoms own,
The *Guardian* Angel of the *British* Throne ;
And in Thy Death preface Their own sad Doom,
Reserv'd, perhaps, for mightier Woes to come.

Albion reclines, and hangs Her drooping Head ;
Her Glory lost, and ancient Splendor fled :
Extinct That Spirit, which inflam'd its Youth
With Zeal for Liberty, and Sacred Truth : 200
Which taught th'Oppress'd to rise ; the Proud to bend,
And dread the Foe, or court the Gen'rous Friend :

Which Terror struck in ev'ry distant Shore ;
 Soon as it hear'd the *British* Thunder roar.

O! may She never feel the Loss, we mourn ;
 Nor vent new Sorrows o'er Thy Sacred Urn ;
 Her *Genius* dead, and half her Sons affraid !
 By Foes insulted, and by Friends betray'd !

But Cease --- I hear the *British* Lion roar ;
 And Joyful Shouts resound from Shore to Shore. 210
 I see at length the Monarch's Anger rise,
 Rouz'd up to Vengeance by the Merchants Cries.
 Each true-born Heart with gen'rous Ardor beats ;
 And willing Sailors croud, to man our Fleets ;
 T' assert our Native Empire o'er the Main ;
 And curb the Haughty Insolence of *Spain*.
 Now shall fair Glory rise with all its Charms ;
 And Grief a while be drown'd in War's Alarms.

F I N I S.



